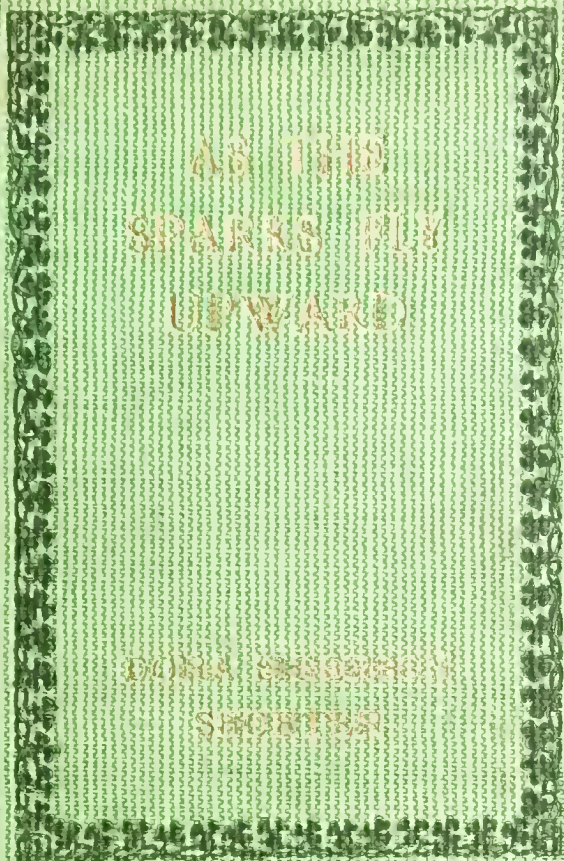
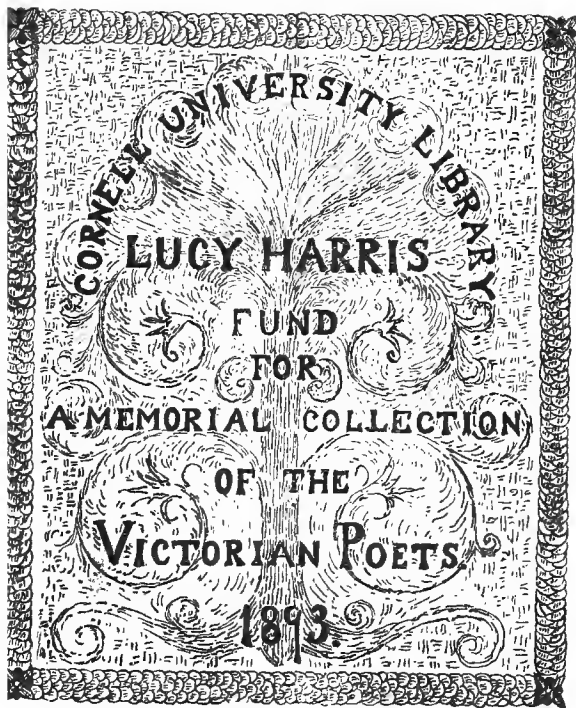


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AS THE  
SPARKS FLY  
UPWARD

DO NOT STOP  
SHORTLY



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AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD





AS THE SPARKS  
FLY UPWARD

*Poems and Ballads*

BY  
DORA SIGERSON SHORTER



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## AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD

**T**HE little babe I held upon my knee  
Had not yet banished from its sleeping eyes  
The dreams of some lost world from which he came,  
Nor missed some angel-choiréd paradise.

Strange little soul that claimed me not his own  
By glance or smile, but with no seeing gaze  
Looked to me who, all timid, dared to call  
This wonder mine, and held it in amaze.

I prayed—"when comes the light of consciousness  
Of things that be to hold him so he seek  
To know what place life now had set him in,  
And at whose mercy left, so young and weak."

"Let it be mine, the face he first shall see  
Bent on him, full of welcome and of joy,  
So that his smile on thus beholding love,  
The pain of coming tears shall half destroy."

"Or if some day he looks to learn, and I  
Am not beside, oh ! let it be the Sun  
Or some fair thing shall greet his seeing eyes,  
So he shall find life good and well begun."

## AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD

Beside the fire I held him close, and sang  
Some sweet child ditty, bidding him to sleep,  
And broke the log to make it flame and glow ;  
Then in his eyes I saw a wonder creep.

Now peeped the soul from out his startled gaze,  
“Look first on me,” I cried, “my little child !”  
But from my kiss he held his face away,  
And as the sparks flew up he saw and smiled.

## THE MOTHER

“HO!” said the child, “how fine the horses go,  
With nodding plumes, with measured step  
and slow.

Who rides within this coach, is he not great?  
Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state!”

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie  
Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by,  
So small a woman’s arms might hold it pressed  
As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

Or like Pandora’s box with pulsing lid,  
Where throbbing thoughts must lie for ever hid.  
“Why this? why this?” comes forth the panting breath,  
“And was I born to taste of nought save death?”

“Ho!” said the child, “how the proud horses shake  
Their silver harness till they music make.  
Who drives abroad with all this majesty?  
Is it some Prince who fain his world would see?”

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass  
Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass  
A woman’s face—a mother’s eyes ablaze  
Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

“Death drives,” I said, and drew him in alarm  
Within the shelter of my circling arm.  
So in my heart cried out a thousand fears,  
“A King goes past.” He wondered at my tears.

## THE CHILD

ONE played the child within the magic wood,  
Where fountains sang and sunshine ever  
glowed ;

Half-hid among red roses on his way,  
He came at last upon a dark abode.

He knew not sorrow, and when cries came forth  
Of bitter grief, he could not choose but stay,  
And turned from joyous paths his dancing feet,  
To see what wonder in that dim house lay—

Met at the door a woodman stern and cold,  
Who looked into the sunshine with blind eyes,  
And saw behind him, with a hidden face,  
One who made sad the wind with sudden cries.

‘And who are you,’ the man looked up and spoke,  
‘Who comes thus singing to the home of grief?’  
‘I am a babe,’ the little child replied,  
‘Who finds the world all fair beyond belief.’

And at his voice the woman stayed her cries,  
And at his laugh she raised her hidden face.  
‘Dark is the day and drear the world,’ she said,  
‘And lives no beauty in this barren place.’

‘Drear is the earth,’ the man spoke with a sigh ;  
‘Cold is the sun that long has ceased to shine ;  
Chill is our house set in a desert place,  
And Grief and Sorrow on our hearth repine.’



## THE CHILD

‘I see the roses blossom on the roof,’  
The child replied, and raised a wondering gaze ;  
‘I hear the birds’ glad singing in the woods,  
The sun shines ever through the long, sweet days.’

He laid in each sad grasp his fingers small.  
‘Lo, there,’ the woman said, ‘the roses see !  
They cling upon the roof like amber rain :  
For them the birds do sing a melody.’

‘And see,’ the man replied, ‘how fair the sun  
Doth warm the earth into a thousand flowers ;  
See the long shadows of the poplars move :  
Short is the day that hath such golden hours.’

‘Will you not stay and teach us to be glad ?’  
The woman cried, ‘We then indeed were blessed.’  
‘I am but little to go forth alone,’  
The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play  
Beside her hearth, and at each purple eve,  
When came the man soft singing from his work,  
All full of dreams he could but half believe.

The woman met him on their threshold, spoke  
In solemn wonder, with a ‘Hush !’ and ‘Hark !’  
‘To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door :  
With his small hands he shut her in the dark.’

## THE CHILD

Or, 'Go you soft : he slumbers like a bird  
That nests, half-singing in his pleasant sleep :  
To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—  
This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep.'

So stayed the child and played before the door,  
And if a rose in languor over-sweet  
Would fall upon his way, the woman kissed  
The dimpled arches of his little feet.

Or if a leaf in loving leaned too far  
From her high branch, and whirled upon his hair,  
The woman ran to break it in her hand  
And raise the sunny curl it lit on there.

And oft she kissed his throat all full of song—  
Without excuse, to hear his laughter go,  
Caught by some echo sung from tree to tree,  
Into the distance like a streamlet's flow.

So went the hours until one morn she rose  
To find him gone, and sought him all the day,  
And when at purple eve the man came home,  
All loud with weeping she did stop his way.

'He is not lost,' the man said with a smile,  
And proud of heart he held her by the hand,  
'He lingers but a little, for his feet  
Are on a strange road still in manhood's land.'

## THE CHILD

She looked and saw a youth upon the path,  
With axe upon his shoulder, and his eye  
All strong and clear to meet the world and fight  
A victor's fight, should one his claims deny.

Quick to her side he came with joyous step  
To kiss her cheek that was so pale and wan ;  
And yet she saw his gaze go past her face,  
Some stranger maiden so to rest upon.

But as he stood, the man soft murmuring  
Looked, saying slow, ' It is my son, my son,  
So straight of limb, so comely thus to see ;  
Now is the glory of my life begun.'

But when the night was still the woman went  
Where slept the youth in his small room alone ;  
And from a hiding-place a casket drew,  
With now a tear, and oft a stifled moan.

And from its perfumed hollow quick she brought  
Two little shoes, and held them to her heart,  
Stained them with tears, with many kisses cried,  
' O little feet that strayed from me apart.'

' Oh, little child that I shall see no more,'  
She laid the casket in its hiding-place—  
Then bent in prayer above her sleeping son,  
Who smiled in dreaming of another face.

# THE DEER-STONE

## A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH

**I**T was the bride of Colman Rhu  
In Glendalough sat down,  
She hushed the babe upon her breast  
Beside the lake so brown.

The mountains steep about her rose  
All glad in green and gold,  
The heart of all the waters deep  
Again their glory hold.

Now had the bride of Colman Rhu  
Looked long towards the west,  
She there had seen the glowing sun,  
Slip slow towards his rest.

But had she looked towards the east,  
A maid there was to see,  
Who bore two daggers in her eyes—  
Black hate and jealousy.

She did not look towards the east,  
Nor looked she to the south  
But closed her two white lids in sleep,  
A smile on her red mouth.

Oh, had she seen the evil maid  
Who death so stealthy bore,  
She had not closed her lashes long  
She now would raise no more.

## THE DEER-STONE

Slow crept the witch unto her side,  
And saw with furious eye  
The smiling two in slumber deep,  
Who did so helpless lie.

“And for the tears, O Colman red,  
That I have shed for you,  
I'll drive a sorrow in your breast  
To break your heart in two.

“And for the words that you have said,  
To crush me with disdain,  
I'll hush the laughter on your lips  
That shall not smile again.”

Within her hand a deadly draught  
She raised a moment up,  
“And shall it be your little son  
Who first must taste the cup?”

“Ah, no! For should your bride awake,  
Her grief would mend your moan,  
For you in pity at her tears  
Would half forget your own.

“But if death lies upon her heart,  
The two are surely slain,  
The little babe must thirst and die,  
And you are mine again.”

## THE DEER-STONE

She looked upon each lovely face  
That held a soul asleep,  
"And one shall drink of deadly wine,  
A draught both long and deep."

She looked upon the baby lips  
That curling 'neath her eyes,  
Sought some sweet fountain in his dreams,  
And fed with gentle sighs.

Then with a frown and muttered groan  
Quick to the other crept,  
And raised the cup in her false hand,  
To slay them while they slept.

Ah, gentle Nature, at the deed  
You quenched within the west  
Your golden lamp, so none might see  
The murder stand confessed.

Then thrice upon the frightened air,  
The dying lips drew breath,  
Twice in they drew the wine of life,  
And once the draught of death.

. . . . .  
Now Colman, with his spear in hand,  
Late coming from the chase,  
Heard the low weeping of a child  
Within a lonesome place.

## THE DEER-STONE

“ Oh, hard your mother’s heart,” he said,  
“ Your cries she will not hear !”  
Quick from his steed he sprang, and saw  
His wife and child so dear.

Soft came the weeping of the babe  
Whose font had grown so cold.  
He flung himself upon the earth,  
And did his wife enfold.

All silent was she to his cries,  
Her cheek was cold as death,  
And to his hot impassioned kiss  
Came no responsive breath.

And when he saw that she was dead  
He rose up to his feet,  
And wrapped her in his hunting coat  
To make her winding sheet.

“ Mo Croide,” he said, “ your bed to-night  
Shall be both dark and cold,  
On what new island shall you wake,  
Or what strange face behold ?”

“ Asthor,” he said, “ lest you should fear  
To wander forth alone,  
I’ll follow through the gates of death  
To claim you for my own.”

## THE DEER-STONE

Into his fond and loving heart  
He drove his hunting knife,  
And by his bride's chill side he lay,  
And soon gave up his life.

It was the good saint Kevin went,  
All bowed and lost in prayer,  
And as he paced his lonely path  
The young witch met him there.

And in her gown the poison cup  
She did most quickly hide,  
But spoke the good saint unto her,  
And would not be denied.

"What evil thing is this?" he said,  
"That you must put away?  
It is no gracious act indeed  
That fears the light of day."

"It is but bread," the witch replied,  
"From my small store I take,  
To feed a poor deserted babe,  
I go for pity sake."

"Now, be it bread," the priest replied,  
"I pray it multiply;  
But if it is an evil thing,  
Full heavy may it lie."



## THE DEER-STONE

And then the priest, all deep in prayer,  
Went forth his lonely way,  
While stood the witch upon the path  
In wild and deep dismay.

For in her robe the poison cup  
Did all so heavy grow,  
She scarce could stand upon her feet,  
And could but slowly go.

Now when she reached the rugged rock  
That held her hidden home,  
The waters threw their magic up  
And blinded her with foam.

She gave a sharp and sudden cry  
And fell within the lake,  
And so may perish all who sin,  
And evil vengeance take.

But good St. Kevin, deep in prayer,  
His holy way did go.  
Soon came to him the sound of grief,  
Soft cries of bitter woe.

There in a dark and lonesome place  
A little babe he found,  
And, close beside, a lovely pair  
All cold upon the ground.

## THE DEER-STONE

“Movrone, Movrone,” the good saint cried,  
“What evil deed is here ?”  
And for their beauty and their youth  
He shed a bitter tear.

He dug for them a lonely grave,  
A grave both wide and deep,  
“And slumber well,” he softly said,  
“Till God shall end your sleep.”

He knelt him down upon his knee  
Their lonely bed beside,  
And then he saw the little babe  
That weak in hunger cried.

He raised it up in his two hands,  
And held it close and warm,  
“O Christ,” he said, “your mercy give  
To keep this child from harm.

“Oh, pitiful indeed is this  
Poor little one alone,  
Whose dead lie peaceful in their sleep  
While he doth make his moan.

O Mary, who in Bethlehem  
Held once upon thy breast  
A tender babe, look down on this  
Who is so sore oppressed.

## THE DEER-STONE

“I have no food for this poor child,  
Who must with hunger die.  
Thy mercy give,” the good priest prayed  
With many a piteous sigh.

He looked across the waters deep,  
And to the hills so brown,  
And lo! a shy wood creature there  
All timidly came down.

And thrice it sprang towards the west,  
And thrice towards the east,  
It was as though some hand unseen  
Drove forth the gentle beast.

But when the little child it heard,  
That still with hunger cried,  
It sprang before the guiding hand,  
And stood the babe beside.

And in a hollowed stone it shed  
Its milk so warm and white,  
And then, all timid, stood apart  
To watch the babe's delight.

And at each eve and every morn  
The gentle doe was there,  
To find the little babe, and see  
The Saint, all deep in prayer.

In Glendalough the stone lies still,  
All plainly to be seen,  
And many folk will point the place  
Where once the milk had been.

## SWEET MARIE

**Y**OU were very fair to meet once, Marie,  
With your eyes like some blue hiding flower  
Now where the sun would ever seem to be,  
Now glowing purple through a diamond shower.

But it was the wonder hair that you had,  
With its strange changing colours, gold and red,  
Now brown, now amber—guessing drove men mad  
All for the sudden sight of your young head.

Once down amongst the vine-fields stood a youth,  
Sweet singing of its auburn, till arose,  
A fool to match him, swore it was the truth,  
Gold of all gold, until they fell to blows.

Oh! red gold of the sun it was to me.  
The very sun itself, indeed, the day  
Lost all its light when you I might not see,  
Shone at the gloaming if you chanced my way.

But yet you passed us by and had no smile,  
For all our foolish loving, nor a look  
To check our thieving glances—chide our guile,  
That made us linger on the path you took.

Like some proud queen you went thus treasured  
crowned,  
Quick bearing, well we knew, all your sweet gold  
To one who was beloved, there, loose unbound,  
The yellow wealth lay ready to his hold.

## SWEET MARIE

Cursed be he ; did he kiss, then, tress by tress,  
And so beneath the hiding glory seek  
Those smiling lips, that only spoke to bless  
All I did curse, in accents low and meek.

Fate has such ways of laying plan and plot,  
And heart to heart that are not over wise,  
Why did you choose a braggart and a sot  
From those who loved you, held you as a prize ?

Did my deep curses fall ? For stricken he  
Found death's black gate, and waited while you prayed  
All the great saints of Heaven kind to be,  
Thus bargained for his life, all undismayed.

As once beside a wayside shrine I hid  
And saw you coming, trembled at your tear,  
I read your anguish 'neath each swollen lid,  
So raised from eyes that could not hide their fear.

'There, from her niche, the Virgin, gazing down,  
Appeared to watch you as you loosed your hair.  
And oh the glory of that red and brown,  
For all the sunlight seemed entangled there !

“ Sweet Mother, for his life I, tress for tress,  
Shall cut this beauty which God gave to me,  
Wilt thou my pleading hearken to and bless,  
And pray thy Son to grant this boon to me.”

## SWEET MARIE

You raised your eyes expectant, and I, too,  
Gazed at the carven face until it seemed  
The figure smiled, and then it forward threw  
Its head to bowing, this—unless I dreamed.

But, Marie, lock by lock you flung your hair  
Upon the knife that seemed to pierce my heart,  
At each slow-parting strand I cried “Beware,”  
And looked for blood upon the tress apart.

You laughed upon me “Did you see her bow?  
My boon is granted, he shall live, shall live!”  
Before the Virgin low you bend your brow,  
“Behold, sweet Mother, all my gold I give.”

“And this must die,”—I kissed each tangled lock,—  
Laid it in sorrow on the altar stone  
“That he may live”—your laughter came to mock  
The evil hope that held my heart its own.

And then you left me smiling in your glee,  
I stood before the Virgin eye to eye,  
“What, jealous of her hair!” I cried. But she  
Stiff, painted, wooden, did not heed my cry.

But who would say the Virgin was not wise  
To weigh the value of men’s love with this  
Gold heap of hair? For scarcely were my cries  
Of anger over than your voice of bliss

## SWEET MARIE

Came backward to me, "He is whole again,  
And walks toward me, hold me lest I fall,"  
And so with lowered eyes of grief and pain,  
With giving hands I offered him my all.

But this shorn lamb had no soft tempered wind  
To bless her sacrifice and bid her live,  
For sudden laughter, scorn, and jeers unkind  
Were all the welcome that your love did give.

Stricken we stood a moment, facing him,  
And the false woman leaning to his side.  
With her stiff pointing finger, and her dim  
Hard eyes upon us. Laughing now they cried :

"You once were very fair and sweet, Marie,  
With all your wonder locks of gold and red,  
Now brown, now amber : men went mad to see  
The endless glory of your shining head."

All still you stood a moment with your eyes  
Fixed on him for some mercy, but his face  
Half turned in scorning ; so, like one who dies,  
You moaned, and ran to hide in your disgrace.

And I had struck him, but he fell to tears,  
And loud lamenting, crying "Oh, the gold  
That was my life. O death-inflicting shears  
To rob the perfumed locks I loved to hold !

## SWEET MARIE

I spurned him, told the sacrifice and bid  
Him go and seek you, praying you forgive,  
But he with laughter scorned me as I chid,  
“I'll seek some other tresses, so I live.”

I struck him then, for I was sick, in truth,  
Of my long hatred; he went down to lie  
Beside his dog, who was the nobler brute,  
And wept that he was slain and soon to die.



## KATHLEEN'S CHARITY :

### A BALLAD

“GOD bless the work,” said young Kathleen,  
She bent her golden head,  
And in her cheek that was so pale  
The blood crept rosy red.

Quick flew the humming spinning-wheel,  
The thread was all but done,  
And like the pale shafts of a star  
The gleaming strands she spun.

“And when the cloth is mine,”—she smiled,  
The wheel sang soft and low—

“I’ll make a robe all straight and white,  
That I a bride may go.”

“The world is good,” she said, and laughed,  
A-turning of her wheel,

Then by her stood a beggar maid,  
Who prayed with faint appeal.

“I have not gold,” sighed sweet Kathleen,

“Nor silver you to give,  
Yet if you go so pale and wan  
I fear you scarce can live.”

“So take my thread, ’twill weave a gown  
To keep you from the cold.”

The beggar kissed the giving hand,  
And blessed a hundred-fold.

## KATHLEEN'S CHARITY

"My work is done," said poor Kathleen,  
And put her wheel aside,  
"Yet like God's Mother sweet she looked,  
So fair and holy-eyed."

"And though no silken gown I wear  
To deck me as a bride,  
I yet can pray with grateful heart,  
For we have much beside."

"To-morrow in the bare-brown earth  
We set our golden seed,  
The yellow corn we scatter wide,  
To make us rich indeed."

Now as she spake beside her stood  
A man all weak and frail,  
And there all piteous to her ear,  
He told a woeful tale.

"I have not silver now nor gold,  
Nor cloth to robe you in,  
Yet should I giftless drive you forth  
It were a grievous sin."

She gave the sack of golden corn  
That was her father's store,  
And in her breast her frightened heart  
Was beating wild and sore.

## KATHLEEN'S CHARITY

“Oh, woe is me,” she turned and cried,  
    “My father stern and cold,  
Oh, cruel will he be to her  
    Who robbed him of his gold.”

She took the chaff in her two hands  
    With many a moan and sigh,  
And spread it on the bare brown earth  
    Before her sire went by.

“Alone,” she said, “to so deceive  
    My father blind and grey,  
For little store shall bear the seed  
    That I have sown to-day.”

She bent to weep, but by her side  
    A child stood all alone,  
“And 'tis in vain,” poor Kathleen cried,  
    “‘That here you make your moan.”

“For I have left no gifts to give,  
    No cloth, no food, no gold ;  
So I must drive you forth,” she said,  
    “‘To perish in the cold.”

She took the child unto her heart,  
    And then her tears let fall,  
“Oh, woe it is to bid you go,  
    And you so weak and small.”

## KATHLEEN'S CHARITY

She set him down upon his way  
And kissed his cheek and chin,  
And then she saw a golden thread  
He held his hands within.

“I met a lady on the road.”  
The little one replied,  
“She said this thread would weave a gown  
To robe a happy bride.”

“She bade me when I met with one  
Whose mercy was so great  
She'd give her very tears away  
In pity for my state.”

She said, “Give her this silken thread  
A wedding gown to weave.”  
Fair Kathleen took the golden ball,  
But yet her heart did grieve.

“For I have robbed my father dear,  
My father old and weak,  
And Oh, what shall I answer him  
When he his grain shall seek?”

“And Oh, what shall I say to him  
That he could me believe  
Who sowed the chaff upon the ground,  
His dim eyes to deceive?”

## KATHLEEN'S CHARITY

And, woeful looked she to the north,  
And woeful to the south,  
And there she saw a little child  
With laughter on his mouth.

She looked into her father's field,  
Where once the chaff had been,  
And lo! the sprouting grain was there,  
With ears all high and green.

"The world is good," said young Kathleen,  
And knelt her down to pray,  
"I know that some of God's sweet saints  
Did visit me to-day."

## THE STORM

THEY say it is the wind in midnight skies  
Loud shrieking past the window, that doth  
make

Each casement shudder with its storm of cries,  
And the barred door with pushing shoulder shake.

Ah, no! ah, no! It is the souls pass by  
Their lot to run from earth to God's high place,  
Pursued by each black sin that death let fly  
From their sad flesh, to break them in their chase.

They say it is the rain from leaf to leaf  
Doth slip, and roll into the thirsting ground,  
That where the corn is trampled sheaf by sheaf  
The heavy sorrow of the storm is found.

Ah, no! ah, no! It is repentant tears  
By those let fall who make their direful flight,  
And drop by drop the anguish of their fears  
Comes down around us all the awful night.

They say that in the lightning-flash, and roar  
Of clashing clouds, the tempest is about;  
And draw their chairs the glowing hearth before,  
The casement close to shut the danger out.

Ah, no! The doors of Paradise, they swing  
A moment open for a soul nigh spent,  
Then come together till the thunder's ring  
Leaves us half-blinded by God's element.

## CECILIA'S WAY

LIGHTED by the lady moon,  
Breezes blow and aspens quiver,  
By the stream's enchanted tune  
Singing to the distant river,  
Walks Cecilia.

Such an hour for love and song,  
Lover's kiss and maiden's laughter.  
Who would wish the night less long  
Or fail to weep it back hereafter?  
Sighs Cecilia.

Neath the aspen moves a shade,—  
Shadow dark! The saints defend her!  
Any lass would fly afraid  
On the wings that fear would lend her!  
Smiles Cecilia.

Who would brave the shaping gloom,  
Hiding form and hidden face,  
Phantom arms that would entomb,  
Who dares go to that embrace?—  
Why, Cecilia.

## THE RAIN

**T**HIS is the rhyme of the rain on the roof,  
Tears, all tears, slow falling tears—  
If this is the warp, then what is the woof?  
Flesh that sorrows and flesh that fears.

Ah! poor humanity weeping sore,  
Guilt and sorrow, anger and shame,  
Oh! who could peace on this earth restore?  
Who shall punish and who shall blame?

Here where a God, loved much, was slain,  
Since He hath failed, then who can win?  
On the thirsting ground let them fall again,  
Tears of sorrow and tears of sin.



## MY PRETTY CHILD

*M*O *paistin deas*, I did not know  
How cold the winter's blast could blow  
Into her heart, with what despair  
Earth drew her bloom and blossom fair,  
How lone a man might come and go  
When you were here—how could I know ?

How could I know, my little child,  
When gracious summer looked and smiled,  
Soft was the sleeping roses' breath  
Who did not know or dream of death.  
Like him who stood in glad surprise  
At love discovered in your eyes,  
That fleeting time so slow could pass  
I did not know, *mo paistin deas*.

My pretty child, I did not know  
How I had watched you come and go,  
How I had listened for your song,  
How short your shy caress, how long  
Your absence was, till praying I  
Looked up to heaven with a cry  
To call you back, there saw a star  
And knew how far God's gardens are.

## TO MONICA

**W**HEN dainty Mona walks this way  
My foolish heart will beat,  
And leaves me, though I turn aside,  
To lie beneath her feet.

It follows her all up and down  
More faithfully, I wis,  
Than that be-ribboned spaniel which  
She honours with a kiss!

And when all chidden by her frown  
My heart creeps back to me,  
It holds my breast a prison-house,  
And would again be free.

## THE LOVER'S ALMANAC

O H, hearts that wear the willow,  
To you I tell my woe,  
Why thus uncared, ungartered,  
And all so pale I go.

Come, you wan lovers sighing  
Who too have felt the thorn,  
But let none heart-whole linger  
To laugh my grief to scorn.

Demure in church on Sunday  
My love I chanced to see,  
Amidst her gentle praying  
I vow she looked on me.

On Monday in the meadow  
I lingered by the stile,  
She did but touch my fingers,  
And past me with a smile.

On Tuesday, mute and rosy,  
I stood upon her way,  
My heart it nigh betrayed me,  
"Good-morrow," did she say.

With blushing cheek on Wednesday  
Her path she went all slow,  
How feared I such a fair maid—  
I could not move to go.

## THE LOVER'S ALMANAC

On Thursday, brave and daring,  
I vowed I'd speak her fair,  
She turned her glances from me,  
And passed me, head in air.

All pale on Friday morning  
I waited by her path,  
She flashed her eyes upon me,  
And pierced me with their wrath.

On Saturday, if that day  
Should ever dawn for me,  
I'll die for cruel Chloris  
Beneath the cypress-tree.

## LOVE IN DISGUISE

**I** MOURNED beneath the willow tree,  
And shrouded came a nymph to me  
And slid her hand in mine.  
Her boldness I did much upbraid,  
And said : " Begone, thou wanton maid ;  
I seek no love of thine !

" Nor do I hope to wake again  
My heart all stricken with disdain,  
And drive it forth to woo,  
No ! no ! Forlorn I sit and sigh,  
And call on Death to let me die,  
Since Phyllis is untrue."

" Ah !" cried the maid, " why therefore, chide,  
Since I indeed am fitting bride  
For one so pale and wan ?"  
She held me in a close embrace,  
Nor could I see her hidden face  
And still I cried : " Begone !"

" If thou art Love, thy labour's vain ;  
I hold thy boldness in disdain,  
I care no more to woo.  
But be thou death, for whom I cry,  
Thy lover then indeed am I,  
Since Phyllis is untrue."

## LOVE IN DISGUISE

“Oh! I am Love,” she whispered low,  
“And fain I too with Death would go;  
My lover—cold is he,  
Who bids me fly the trysting-place.”  
She raised the veil from off her face—  
My Phyllis smiled on me!













